

IRISH 1798 COLLECTION

#1047

MEMORIES OF '98.



THE MILITARY CHARGING THE INSURGENTS IN THE CHURCHYARD AT ANTRIM ON THE SEVENTH DAY OF JUNE, 1798.

1.50
MEMORIES OF '98.

BY

W. S. SMITH,

ANTRIM.

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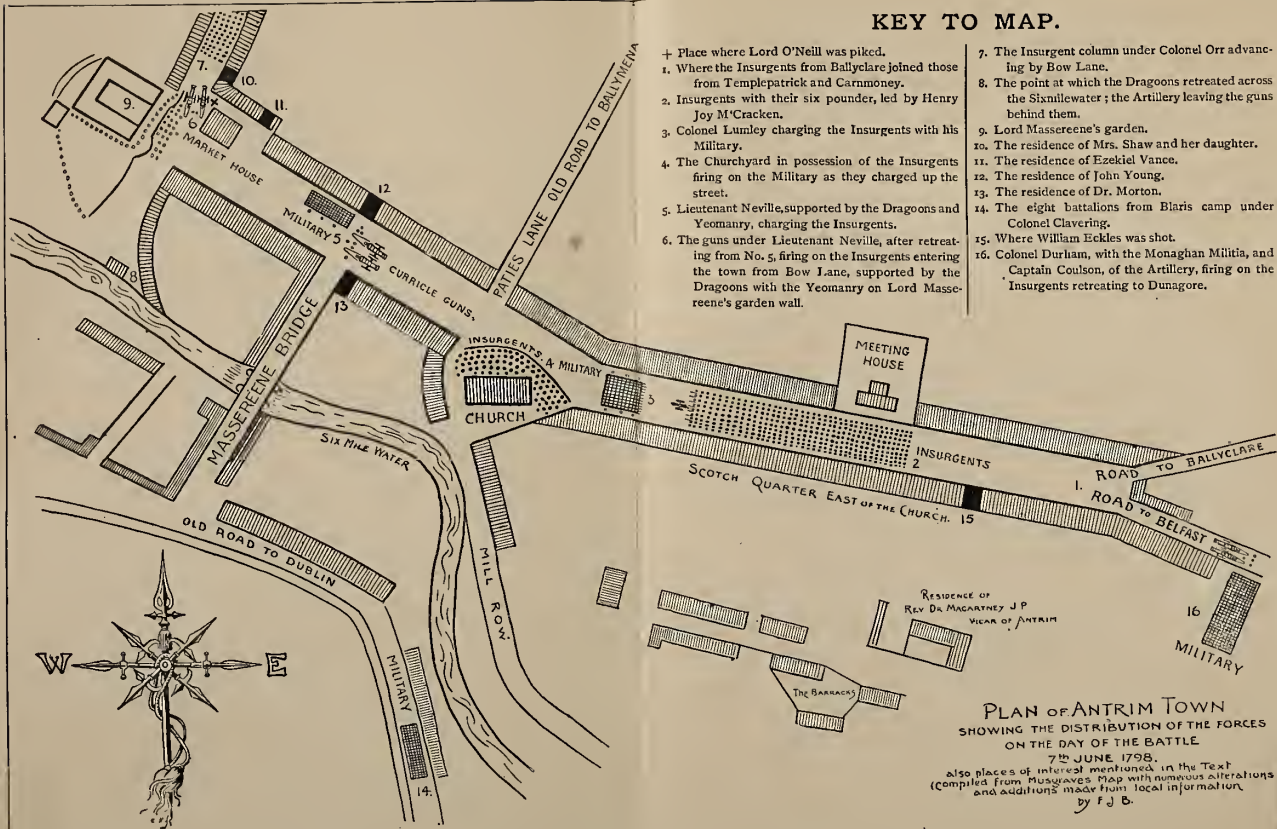
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KEY TO MAP.

- + Place where Lord O'Neill was piked.
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- 15. Where William Eckles was shot.
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PLAN OF ANTRIM TOWN
SHOWING THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE FORCES
ON THE DAY OF THE BATTLE
7th JUNE 1798.

also places of interest mentioned in the Text
(Compiled from Manuscript Map with numerous alterations
and additions made from local information
by F.J.B.)



Memories of '98.



ANY of the events of a minor character, hitherto unrecorded, connected with the Insurrection of 1798, are fast becoming the merest traditions. Those who personally took part in them, or were in any way concerned with them, and were well acquainted with their details, have all passed away. Only the children of such, or the grandchildren, or still more distant relatives, now survive to hand on, too often with strange indifference, the facts still remembered of what at first may have been incidents of much interest. It is with a view to the preservation of some of these, that

at the expenditure of not a little time and patience, the following memories have been gleaned from very varied and widely scattered sources, but at the same time with no slight satisfaction that so interesting a record yet remained to be made. They will serve to further reveal to us of the present what were the political aims, methods, dreams, and experiences of our forefathers, and the steps taken by the Government to cope with them, and as such are surely worthy of preservation.

The aim from the first has been to collect details of such incidents and experiences only as have never appeared in print ; and with two exceptions, a version of one of which appeared in the *Ballymena Observer* for 1857, those here recorded have not, it is believed, hitherto come under public notice by means of the printed page.

Antrim and District.

Ezekiel Vance.

A name that is mentioned in connection with several striking incidents which occurred in connection with the Battle of Antrim is that of Ezekiel Vance. He was a young man at the time,

and was the son of parents who belonged to the Society of Friends. He himself remained in that religious communion until he joined the Methodist congregation which, as the result of the preaching of the Rev. John Wesley, sprang up in Antrim. While a boy he attended a school that was held in the Market House by a man named Black. At the time of the battle he resided in Market Square. He therefore found himself located in a quarter where the contest was very severe, and where many stirring scenes were enacted. Being a Yeoman, he had as a matter of course to enter into the struggle, first in the street, and then from the terrace at the back of the Castle garden wall, which was lower then than it now is, and fire as opportunity occurred on the invading United Irishmen as they made their way up Bow Lane or along Main Street. It was necessarily a trying time. The streets were filled with smoke ; bullets were flying in all directions ; while men, whose faces were perfectly black through having to bite off the ends of their cartridges, rushed wildly hither and thither. But there was little time to reflect on the bewildering scenes and the attendant dangers. Stress of circumstances compelled many, especially women, to seek the shelter of the Castle grounds. Finding the Insurgents were persistently pressing forward notwithstanding the determined efforts of the Yeomen and dragoons to check their onward progress, and believing that the Military outside the town were under an impression that the Loyalists had been overpowered, an idea occurred to Vance as to the feasibility of making some

sign from the top of the Castle that might be taken as an indication that an energetic movement on the part of the Military might yet succeed. He left the wall, therefore, and hurried in the direction of the Castle, seizing as he went the cloak of a young woman named Abigail O'Neill (afterwards M'Lorinan), with the intention of carrying it on to the roof and waving it to and fro there.

But Abigail did not relish the uncereemonious interference with her garment, and so warmly remonstrated ; when Ezekiel Vance bade her hold her tongue, for she would be in eternity in ten minutes—a remark that seemed probable of realisation when made, and which reconciled the young woman to her loss.

He then rushed into the hall of the Castle, where he saw a man named Clarke lying wounded and writhing in agony, pleading for help. Vance could, however, only bind up the injured part with a pocket-handkerchief, and then made his way to the roof, where, with the aid of a pike or long staff, he waved the red cloak, as a signal to the Military on Fairy Hill outside the town.

The incident appeared to be understood, and so he rushed from the Castle roof, noticed as he passed that the wounded man in the hall was dead, crossed the river, the water being low from drought, ran, still bearing aloft the cloak, met the Military, and conducted them into the town.

It has been maintained by many that but for this feat, and

the consequent arrival of the Military, the Insurgents would have secured possession of the town, and would have held it for a time at least. But after the arrival of Military aid the Insurgent ranks soon began to waver, then to break and fly—many being killed as they went—in all directions ; through backyards and gardens and across the river ; but not until upwards of 300 men lay dead or dying on the streets of Antrim.

Martial law still remaining in force after the battle, Ezekiel Vance had to take his turn with others at parade duty at the various entrances to the town, and also at the Castle, during which time the large room of the Market House served as guard-room, sleeping-room, and store-room combined.

His subsequent life was uneventful, and was spent in peaceful occupations. He enjoyed the confidence and esteem of his fellow-townsmen, and died greatly respected when eighty-two years of age. (Authority—Mrs. Graham Shannon, of Antrim, daughter of Ezekiel Vance.)

Pike-making under difficulties.

John (better known as Jackie) Orr, a relative of Samuel Orr, one of the Insurgent leaders at Antrim, resided at Creavery, three-and-a-half miles north of Antrim. He was a farmer, and owned a house not far from his own which was let to a blacksmith, who carried on his trade there. Some time prior to the 7th of June, Orr called on the blacksmith, who, with his apprentice, was busily engaged making pikes in readiness for

the rising, whenever that event was decided upon. Having left the shop for a minute to look around, Orr was astounded to see a body of Military approaching, though then a considerable distance away. He immediately informed the blacksmith of the fact, and asked what was to be done. If they came and found pike-making going on, the house and shop would be burned down. He besought the blacksmith to take the pikes and hide them somewhere ; but in place of doing that, he and the apprentice set off as fast as their legs could carry them in the direction of Tullymoyle Hill, where they secreted themselves among whins until all danger was past.

Orr now found himself in a strange predicament. What could he do? His resolution was instantly made. He threw all the pike-heads into the fire and covered them with the cinders, then threw off his coat, donned the blacksmith's apron, turned up his sleeves, blackened his face and arms, and blew the bellows with all his might, in the hope that the pikes would be heated sufficiently to become fusible into a mass before the arrival of the soldiers, supposing they intended making an inconvenient call there. The bellows worked well, the hearth glowed, and the fire did its work. Out came the pikes on to the anvil, rap-tap-tap went the hammer, and they had just become a shapeless mass when the Military entered the shop. "Well, what are you making now?" said the leader. Orr stopped working, for he feared his awkward handling of the blacksmith's hammer might excite suspicion, and replied in an

off-hand manner, "Oh, I'm just making myself a spade." "Do you make pikes here?" asked the leader. "Make pikes? No, I make no pikes." "Are you ever asked to make them?" "Oh yes," replied Orr, "many a time ; but I'm not going to put my head into danger to please other folk." The visitors seemed to accept unhesitatingly the statements of Orr, and after searching the premises and finding nothing that excited their suspicions they rode away. It was a very narrow escape. Richard Fleming, of Fountain Street, Antrim, when a boy, heard John Orr, in the blacksmith's shop where the foregoing incident occurred, repeat the story again and again.

An incident of a somewhat similar character is related by Robert Boal, of Rathbeg, respecting his uncle, John Boal, a blacksmith of Rathmore. Though a blacksmith, the said John Boal was possessed of a considerable amount of property, which probably accounted for the fact of a son of his being allowed to grow up to young manhood without acquiring a trade.

On the morning of the fight in Antrim, numbers of United Irishmen left their homes in Ballyclare, Doagh, Parkgate, and Dunegore, and marched into the town, passing through Rathmore. Knowing that this would be the case, and further, knowing that a blacksmith's services would almost as a matter of course prevent his being pressed into the ranks of the Insurgents, he dressed his son, about whom he was very anxious, as a blacksmith, got him to turn up his sleeves, to blacken his arms and face, and, when anyone called, to appear to be very busy.

The young fellow had not only to look like a smith, but to hide the fact that he was not one.

On that memorable morning, John Boal's smithy was a very busy one. It was often filled with men clamouring for his help to fix a pike-head on to a shaft, to sharpen a pike, to fasten a handle to a pitchfork or old bayonet, in which his son was ever anxious to assist him. When the Insurgents had all passed, and he and his son remained behind, they rejoiced greatly at their good fortune.

But though John Boal escaped from the United Irishmen, he fell into the hands of the Government authorities, and had to meet a charge of having made pikes for the disaffected. This he had not done : he had only done what he dared not refuse to do. A piece of iron somewhat in the shape of a pike had been found in his shop by Yeomen, upon which they depended for a conviction. This, however, was proved to belong to the Adairs of Loughanmore, for whom John Boal often worked, so he and his son escaped.

Yeomen on Night Duty.

Two years before the "Turnout," an Act was passed giving the authorities power to proclaim certain districts when such was thought to be necessary, and to compel the inhabitants to remain in their houses between sunset and sunrise. The Habeas Corpus Act was also suspended ; and some little time previous to the incident about to be mentioned the whole of the North of

Ireland was put under martial law. These facts will account for the rigorous measures adopted by some local military authorities both before and after the culmination of the insurrectionary movement.

One of the regulations in force in the district of which Antrim was the centre was the putting out of all fires and lights at nine o'clock at night. One evening Lord Massereene, who had control of the Yeomen, gave orders that they were to scour the district in a north-easterly direction as far as the foot of Carnearney Hill, then wheel to the right to Parkgate, and thence return to Antrim. The orders were carried out according to command, the men proceeding by way of Crosscannon, Ballyno, Scolboa, Ballywoodock, and Dunnamuggy, looking at every house they passed for the prohibited fire or light. None were seen until they arrived at Parkgate, when a light was observed in a public-house kept by a Mrs. Young. The Yeomen did not ask for permission to enter, but walked straight in, where they found seated at a table eight or nine men, with a number of books and papers before them. These were at once seized, and the men taken prisoners. The papers were found to be of a compromising character. The men were marched into Antrim, from whence they were subsequently taken to Belfast. What became of them is not known. Richard Fleming, of Antrim, when a boy, heard David Marshall, one of the above-named Yeomen, relate this story.

Hiding of Valuables.

When an uprising of the people seemed inevitable, many began to ask themselves how they could most safely dispose of their money and other valuables until the tumult was past. Hiding them in secret drawers, in thatch, in holes in walls, and burying them, were the methods most frequently resorted to.

Richard Fleming, of Antrim, who was at one time in his service, states that Samuel Skelton, junior, of Dunegore, afterwards of Millrow, Antrim, had just before the "Turnout" eighteen sovereigns in his possession, the proceeds of the sale of linen webs, in the manufacture of which he was then engaged. Realising the fact that the money was insecure, he reflected as to what he should do with it. At the head of one of his father's fields was a large stone, and this he decided to put his treasure under, at the same time hoping that, if he or his family did not survive the trouble, some really needy person might find it and enjoy it.

The storm came and went; Samuel Skelton was not carried away by the rush, and fortunately his money remained safely secreted under the stone, and in good time it was recovered.

William Moore, of Ballyno—so one of his great-grandsons, Robert Young, of Antrim, states—had twenty or thirty pounds in his house at the time of the "Turnout;" and after anxiously trying to devise some method for its safe keeping, accompanied by his wife he took the money into the middle of a potato field,

where he dug a hole and buried it, and put a mark upon the spot. If he did not survive, his wife would know where the money was. He came into Antrim to the fight, survived the conflict, returned home, got his money again, and was not interfered with by the authorities.

In another case of hiding at Ballyrobin, a green silk dress and a valuable set of china were buried in a garden. Strangely enough, after the tumult was past, these things were for a long time forgotten, so that, when the dress was recovered, all its good qualities were effaced, and it was valueless.

Shot while trying to escape danger.

Mary M'Gee, aunt of the late Martha Blair, of Fountain Street, Antrim, at the time of the battle had been but very recently married. She and her husband, wishing to escape the dangers that were thickening around them, hurriedly left the town with the intention of making their way to the house of a friend at Boghead. They had not, however, gone far before they were observed by the Military on the outskirts of the town, who fired upon them, and killed the husband. On seeing him fall, Mary in her anguish fell upon his prostrate body. The soldiers then proceeded to drag her away by the hair of her head, but on being observed by an officer, they were ordered to desist from abusing the woman, and after hearing her story, the officer himself accompanied her to the house of her friend.

It may be added that Mr. Johnson, of Boghead, the

protection of whose home Mary M'Gee and her husband were seeking, having heard that something very unusual was taking place in Antrim, left home and proceeded in the direction of the town to ascertain particulars, but was fortunately persuaded to return, whereby his life was probably saved. (Authority—Mrs. Graham Shannon.)

Shot at their own doors.

“Here Lieth the Body of Wm. Eckles, who departed this life the 7 June, 1798, aged 46 years.” Such is a copy of an inscription on a gravestone, green with age, which stands in the burying-ground of the old Meeting House, Antrim. It is very brief, but the date is very suggestive, even to a casual observer.

While the town was in the possession of the Insurgents, a body of Military, after labouring under an erroneous impression as to the strength of the opposition to be encountered, poured into the Scotch quarter of the town; some passed down the street, others at the backs of the houses on each side. William Eckles, who was a weaver and resided in the above-named quarter, learning that the Military were arriving, rushed into the street, when he was struck by a bullet, threw up his arms, and fell dead. See map, 15. (John Adair of Antrim, 71 years of age, heard his father relate this incident.)

A similar fate to that of William Eckles befell a man named Stewart and another named Johnson, and also a daughter of the latter. The men were weavers, who, when the Military

arrived, feeling overjoyed, rushed out of their houses on the north side of the Scotch quarter to manifest their gratitude, when they were all shot down. Two youths of the Johnson family secured the bodies of their father and sister, and during the night of the 8 June, when it was thought safe to venture out, they conveyed them through the gardens and fields at the back of the houses to the burying-ground of the old Meeting House, where a grave was hastily dug, and the bodies interred without coffins. (Authority—Mrs. Graham Shannon.)

The Death of Lord O'Neill.

Before succeeding to the title and estates of Shane's Castle, Lord O'Neill represented Randalstown, and subsequently the County of Antrim, in the Irish House of Commons. He was interested in the Volunteer movement, and was strongly opposed to the secret societies known as "The Hearts of Steel" and "The Hearts of Oak." He was raised to the Irish peerage in 1793, and to the dignity of Viscount in 1795. Lord O'Neill, at the instigation of Lady O'Neill, it is said, greatly enlarged the area of the Castle demesne, a step that necessitated the removal of many tenants on the estate, causing a good deal of ill-feeling.

On the day of the battle, Lord O'Neill rode into Antrim on his way from Dublin, and witnessed much that took place during the earlier portion of the struggle. The Insurgents had made their way to the centre of the town, and the Yeomen, for



LORD VISCOUNT O'NEILL.

greater security, had taken up their position on the terrace at the back of the Castle garden wall, commanding Bow Lane and Main Street. After appearing with the commanding officer at different spots, his Lordship took up his position between the Court House steps and the door of the Rev. William Bryson's house, now occupied by Archibald Moore (see map +), when a man in a grey frieze coat rushed forward, and, notwithstanding his Lordship's horse turned round several times at the moment, thrust a pike into Lord O'Neill's side. This caused him to fall over, apparently on to the weapon. Ezekiel Vance, who with other Yeomen were at the back of the Castle garden wall, witnessed the incident, and at once fired upon the assailant, but whether Vance struck him or not he never knew, as the street at the time was filled with moving clouds of smoke, and it was only at intervals that a distant view could be obtained. Whether the act was one of private revenge or only an incident in the fight may never be known, but there are grounds for believing that it may have been the former. In the foregoing account there is no reference to the incident as given in one version, to the effect that Lord O'Neill's horse was seized by an Insurgent, whom he at once shot, after which he was piked. His Lordship, as soon afterwards as possible, was got into a boat, conveyed down the river and across the corner of the lake to Shane's Castle, where he died from the effects of the wound about a fortnight afterwards. (Authority—Mrs. Graham Shannon.)

A Terrible Suspense.

Dr. Morton was a married man with a family, and resided in Antrim, in the house still standing at the eastern corner formed by the junction of High Street and Massereene Bridge, and now occupied by Bernard M'Quillan. (See map, 13.) On the day of the battle the doctor and his family scarcely knew where to go for safety, but eventually sought refuge in the cellar of their house. There, amid the booming of cannon, the crackling of muskets, and the shouts of the belligerents but a few yards away, in great terror they huddled together, not knowing what misfortune might befall them at any moment.

During this state of suspense there was heard great knocking at the door. The terror of the inmates now became fearful, and it was surmised that Insurgents had come for the doctor to shoot him! On ascertaining the cause of the alarm, it was found that a number of soldiers had come for the doctor, whom they hurried away with them, that he might render what service he could to Lord O'Neill, who had just been wounded, and it was feared was dying. (Authority—W. D. Barbour, of Leeds, great-grandson of Dr. Morton.)

A Daring Exploit.

James Watson, of Brookhill, near Lisburn, was captain of the Brookhill Yeomanry. On the 7th of June he was in Antrim, but not with his men, attending the meeting of magistrates summoned for the consideration of the state of the

county. He had arrived in town with Lieutenant Garrett and a contingent of the Magheragall Cavalry. During the progress of the battle, and while he was with the cavalry, a striking incident occurred, which is related in a memoir of Captain Watson, privately published in 1851; and as the book is but little known the account is here given:—"At "the Massereene Bridge (see "map), about the moment of "Earl O'Neill's fall, Captain



JAMES WATSON, OF BROOKHILL.

"Watson and his party were closely hemmed in by the "rebels. To escape from the deadly enclosure in which they "found themselves, he and two or three others who were well "mounted saw that there was no opening for escape but by "leaping directly over the parapet of the bridge into the river. "Just as he was in the act of leaping, one of the rebels levelled "a pike or gun at him, with an aim so close and sure that there "appeared no hope of its missing him. In that instant another "rebel shouted—"Don't touch Watson! That's Watson!" and "dashed up the gun or pike that was in his comrade's hand. "Captain Watson and one of the troopers, a farmer in Magher- "agall, made good their desperate leap.* A third, who

*The late Alderman William Seeds of Belfast, Solicitor, used to tell how his grandfather, a yeoman from Lisburn, jumped that same bridge, during the fight, on his white horse, and escaped.

“endeavoured to follow their example, was pierced through and
“through with pikes, and fell dead into the water, awfully
“mangled.”

As a sequel to the foregoing account, it may be stated that a number of those who had fought on the Insurgent side in Antrim fought also on that side a few days later at Ballynahinch. When the battle was over, and prisoners were being tried by court-martial, many were sentenced to death. Among those thus doomed was a man who pleaded to be allowed to see Captain Watson. An interview subsequently took place, when the captain at once recognised in the condemned Insurgent the preserver of his life on Massereene Bridge in Antrim. Captain Watson reported the facts to the proper quarter, and was instrumental in procuring a pardon for the man.

Riddling his Windows.

John Young was a cooper, and resided on the north side of Main Street, Antrim, in the house now occupied by William Murphy, publican. He had in his employment two or three young men who were United Irishmen, and though he himself sympathised with that movement he was not directly connected with it. Having learned that a rising was going to happen, he sent his wife and children away to a place of safety, and on the day before the outbreak he succeeded in assisting the young men in his service safely away from the neighbourhood, but

John Young himself remained in his house. On the day of the battle, the Yeomen, having heard of the escape of the young United Irishmen, made an attack upon Young's house by firing into the windows, especially when the occupier was thought to be observed, or within reach of a bullet. After the Yeomen had desisted, either on that or the following day, the "Ballinderry wreckers," from the opposite corner of Massereene, made an attack upon the same house, riddling the windows with bullets, and still further injuring the property. Though his house suffered much, John Young himself escaped personal injury. The marks of the bullets are still observable in the thick oak beam that traverses the ceiling of one of the rooms.

The young men, one of whom was named Kennedy, succeeded in getting safely to America, where they prospered. (Authority—John Young, Niblock, grandson of the above-named John Young.)

How some spent the Seventh of June.

An old woman named Shaw, and her daughter, resided in a house near the top of Bow Lane, within easy reach of the fire of the Yeomen when on the terrace at the back of the Castle garden wall. As the struggle in that thoroughfare was at times very severe, it is more than probable the windows and door of their house were riddled with bullets. No harm, however, apart from the fright they experienced, befell them. When afterwards asked how they spent the day, the reply was, "At ten o'clock in

the morning we heard that there was going to be a battle, and feeling we might be killed at any moment, we were so terrified, that we just went to our bedside, knelt down, and never rose again until ten o'clock at night, when all was over!" The mental strain under such circumstances must have been indescribable. The late Alexander Agnew, then a youth, who resided in Church Street with his parents, must have been in a state very different from the dazed condition of the Shaws, since, during the fight, he coolly took a stroll down the town as far as the Market House, "just to see how the battle was getting on," he said. When he returned, none the worse for his exploit, a wounded Insurgent had sought refuge in his father's house. Fearing the consequences of harbouring such, the poor fellow was taken down the yard adjoining, and laid beside the old building that was then the Methodist Meeting House, where he soon afterwards died. Another version is that the man was "finished" by Yeomen, that he was known as "Big Harry Campbell," and that he was taken and buried in the field at the back of the premises now known as Mill Row Manse.

A woman and her daughter had occasion to go as far as Balloo. They went before the battle commenced, attended to their business, and returned to their home just as affairs were assuming a serious aspect. At once, apparently oblivious to what was going on, they set about preparing their dinner, and afterwards coolly went on with their ordinary household duties, notwithstanding the fact that a contest was raging within twenty

yards of them. They did not even trouble to look outside their door, but "minded their business" until all was over. (Authority—Mrs. Graham Shannon.)

Forced into the Insurgent Ranks.

At the latter part of the last century, and the earlier years of the present, a road for wheel traffic extended from Corbally, and other townlands bordering on the north-eastern shore of Lough Neagh, to the mouth of the Sixmile-Water; this it crossed by a ford, and joined the road leading from Antrim to Randalstown.

On the day of the Battle of Antrim, the late Arthur M'Connell, who died in 1879, in his 103rd year, went from his parents' home at Corbally in the company of a man-servant, with a couple of conveyances, to fetch turf from the moss lying four miles north of Antrim. When they had crossed the Sixmile-Water, and reached the Randalstown road, they were confronted by a contingent of United Irishmen, who, after having made their way up Bow Lane—the northern entrance to the town of Antrim—and finding it in the possession of the Military, turned and fled, and in flying came upon Arthur M'Connell and the man-servant. The latter, being old and feeble, was not molested, but the former was impressed into the service of the United Irishmen, and a pitchfork put into his hand, with the injunction that he was to make good use of it. Apparently the contingent did

not return to the attack in Bow Lane, the sight of the soldiers there and their superior equipment having stricken them with terror, since they retreated to Randalstown, Arthur M'Connell being taken with them. During the following night M'Connell escaped from the Insurgent camp, and, fearing to turn in the direction of Antrim, made his way towards Ballymoney, where a married sister resided, whose husband was a Yeoman. That town he reached, tired and hungry, on the morning of the next day. Nothing had been heard there of the results of the rising in Antrim. Travelling being very dangerous, Arthur M'Connell remained for several weeks in Ballymoney, and, since the postal service was disorganised, he had no means of communicating with his parents, who lost all hope of ever seeing their son again. Feeling assured that he must have fallen, his father, on the day after the battle, sent the man-servant to Antrim to try and discover the body—not knowing of the retreat upon Randalstown—when he was detained by the authorities, and made to assist in the burial of the dead. When Arthur M'Connell reached home, he was received as one who had been dead and was alive again. (Authority—Mrs. Thomas Hunter, of Ardmore, daughter of Arthur M'Connell.)

A somewhat similar case to the foregoing was that of Robert Lennon, of Ballygowan, in the parish of Ballynure. He was for many years an ensign in the Volunteers, being a man of some local influence. He resigned his position as an ensign, and became a leader among the United Irishmen of the district.

On the occasion of the Battle of Antrim, Robert Lennon was appointed to the leadership of the Ballynure contingent, and accompanied his men as far as Dunegore, where he heard of the defeat of the Insurgents in Antrim. He at once decided to proceed no further, and returned to Ballynure without having either fired, or heard fired, a single shot. As a consequence of his connection with the United Irishmen, however, Lennon became a marked man, and knew it. He was, indeed, in danger of being apprehended at any time. In the hope of avoiding this unpleasant experience, he determined not to sleep at his own home. That this resolution was a wise one is shown by the fact that, shortly after the "Turnout," his house was one night surrounded by soldiers, who were greatly disappointed when they found their man was not there. He was fortunately at that time in the safe custody of his sister, Mrs. Ritchie, who resided three miles away. Feeling insecure, Robert Lennon deemed it prudent not to sleep at home for a long time. (Authority—Mrs. Graham Shannon, grand-daughter of Robert Lennon.)

Several other incidents of a similar character on the part of the Insurgents are related. One occurred on the morning of the fight in Antrim not far from Glenwherry.

John Baird, of Ballywee, near Holestone, set out early to fetch a load of turf from a moss a few miles from his home, taking with him for companionship a little son.

On his return he fell in with a United Irishman, who, after vainly endeavouring to persuade Baird to accompany him to Antrim, proceeded to compel him by taking forcible possession of his person. Baird's little son, alarmed at what he saw, clung to his father's legs and screamed with all his might. So tenaciously did the boy hold on, and so successfully did Baird resist the efforts of the Insurgent, that his purpose had to be abandoned, and John Baird reached home safely with his son and the load of turf. (Authority—Mrs. Adam Gray, Dunadry, grand-daughter of John Baird.)

Richard Fleming, of Antrim, relates an incident of a much more cruel character that occurred to Samuel Skelton, sen., a farmer residing at Dunegore, who determinedly resisted the pressure of the United Irishmen to identify himself with them. Finding their endeavours fruitless, they proceeded to hang the man. Preparations had been made—a tree selected and a rope procured—and Skelton arrested, when a body of Yeomen, who happened to be traversing the neighbourhood, happily made their appearance, and at once rescued the intended victim.

Still another instance may be mentioned. A number of United Irishmen had set themselves with determined purpose either to make James Greer Brown, of Summerhill, Shanoguestown, a United Irishman, or to prevent his being anything else. Accordingly, they waited upon him for

the purpose, but, finding him unyielding, they resorted to their last and most forcible argument, namely, that of hanging. They had secured his person, and were about fixing a rope round his neck, when Major Siddons, who was in command of the Military in Antrim, unexpectedly and happily appeared on the scene, and rescued Brown from his intended assassins. (John Ingram, 84 years of age, who resides on the spot where the incident occurred, is the authority for this statement.)

Did not want to fight.

A man who resided several miles from Antrim was pressed into the ranks of the United Irishmen, and therefore dreaded more than he might otherwise have done the thought of their rising. Besides being an unwilling opponent of the Government, he had a wife whom he had no wish to leave a widow, and children whom he had no desire to leave orphans. On the morning of the 7th of June, when his neighbours were gathering together to march to Antrim, he contemplated the possible events of the day with anything but a light heart. But he was a United Irishman, at least in name; he must, therefore, do as they did, and go where they went. So when he was summoned he responded as cheerily as he could, put on a hopeful countenance, donned his clothing with alertness, took up his weapons and his ammunition, and set off with the rest

to render valiant service. When, however, he had journeyed some distance, one of his companions called his attention to the fact that he had left home for the battle without his hat. He feigned surprise and regret, and hurried back to get it. The little device was effectual—for he had appeared excited and forgetful for a purpose. Not being able to overtake his company, he was not shot, his wife was not left a widow, nor his children orphans.

An amusing story is told of one of the leaders in the district. On the day appointed for marching on Antrim the leader in question became suddenly ill. He was not present at the mustering of the local contingent, and when he was anxiously sought, the poor man was sitting at the door of his house with one of his legs heavily bandaged, and supported on a chair, suffering sorely from a sudden attack of gout.

It was afterwards generally believed that the attack was a feigned one, assumed for the sole purpose of avoiding the risks of the contest, and that he was quite well the next day. (Names of persons, places, and authorities in connection with the foregoing incidents could be given, but for obvious reasons are withheld.)

The "Break" at Antrim.

It is not, I think, very generally known that, in connection with what may very appropriately be termed the "break"

at Antrim on the day of the battle, that a stand, though an enforced one, was made by many of the Insurgents in the first field on the right-hand side of the Dunegore Road. They were pursued up the town by a body of Military which had just entered by Massereene Bridge, and while this was being done, another body, which had been for some time about the head of the town, knowing of the rout and the direction the Insurgents intended to take, intercepted them on the Dunegore Road, where they found themselves between two fires. They then took to the field, as previously mentioned, where many fell. It was when Colonel Lumley got separated from the general body of Military assembled there that he received wounds from the effects of which he died. (Richard Fleming, mentioned elsewhere, was informed of this by David Marshall, one of the Yeomen engaged at the time).

Neutrality no Safeguard.

On an early day after the battle, twenty-two men were arrested at the instance of Lord Massereene, colonel of the local cavalry force. His Lordship is said to have been a somewhat eccentric man, who sometimes gave orders without fully considering their gravity. The only offence the twenty-two men were known to have committed was that of not making any demonstration on the side of loyalty. They had simply remained neutral. For this they were arrested, and committed to one of the cells still existing beneath the western end of the Court-House.

After the men were imprisoned, the question arose in Lord Massereene's mind as to what should be done with them. This was soon decided. They should be at once shot; that would end the difficulty. Accordingly his Lordship requested Sergeant M'Caughan to despatch them in the manner indicated, to which M'Caughan replied, "Yes, my Lord, we will bring them out and shoot them." Ezekiel Vance, being present, opposed such an order, and at once exclaimed, "No, my Lord, that would be murder!" Lord Massereene, realising the truth of the remark, proceeded no further with the matter, but immediately walked away, and the lives of the men were spared. M'Caughan afterwards reproached Vance, notwithstanding the fact that he was a Yeoman, with being always on the side of the Insurgents.

The names of four only of the twenty-two men are now remembered—Silas and James Steen, and Richard and William Barklie. While confined within their cell, the poor fellows heard the order given for them to be shot. All subsequently manifested much gratitude to Ezekiel Vance for having remonstrated with Lord Massereene, whereby their lives were saved. (Authority—Mrs. Graham Shannon.)

Burial of Insurgents.

At the close of the battle, the Insurgents who had been slain were conveyed from the streets and thrown into the area beneath the Market House, which presented a sad spectacle. From this they were taken the following day on

block-wheel cars—the cars of that period—and buried in large holes on the southern side of the Sixmile-Water, about a quarter of a mile from Lough Neagh. At that time the road to the lough lay close beside the river, passing what is now the Castle office, and a number of houses that stood where the plantation now is. The bodies were taken this way and shot into the holes by the car-load at a time. While this operation was in progress, Ezekiel Vance was standing not far from the Market House, and seeing what appeared to be car-loads of dead pigs passing on their way from County Derry to Belfast (as was then customary), he concluded for the moment such was the case. On more minute inspection, however, he found to his consternation that what he at first mistook for pigs were no other than the naked bodies of dead peasants on their way to burial. Peg Gordon, of local notoriety, was known to have been very busy among the dead, and afterwards appeared in boots taken from a corpse; while one Richard Pirrie was long known to wear a green coat that had belonged to Hay, the leader of the Ballyeaston men, and that contained in a conspicuous position the bullet-hole made when he received his fatal wound. (Authority—Mrs. Graham Shannon.)

Conduct of the Military Authorities in Antrim.

The eastern part of the town of Antrim, formerly designated the Scotch Quarter, was regarded as a disloyal portion.

Every house was supposed by the authorities to harbour a rebel. Consequently, some little time after the battle, probably the following day, the Military determined to be revenged on its occupants, and so concluded to sack it. While preliminaries were being arranged, Thomas Chapman, a Quaker, appeared on the scene. Being acquainted with the officer in command, and, moreover, residing in the town, he earnestly remonstrated with that gentleman. He informed him that his parents, aged and helpless persons, resided in the condemned quarter; that they were Quakers, and, being such, were from principle averse to the taking up of arms. The officer listened to his representations and entreaties, and accordingly relinquished his determination to destroy the houses in question. He did not, however, refrain from punishment, but, in place of the wholesale destruction at first resolved upon, he ordered the Quarter to be searched for United Irishmen. Houses were then entered, doors were smashed, cupboards were broken open, meal and other food were thrown into the street, beds were ripped up, and their contents thrown through the windows. The house of the poor old Quakers previously referred to was, in common with the others, a prey to the "wreckers," as they have since been termed, though they themselves were not injured. Had the original intention of the officer in command been carried out, there must have been not only a great destruction of property, but also of innocent and helpless life. (Authority—

Mrs. John George, of Antrim, a relative of the Chapman family.)

The Brothers Storey.

John and Thomas Storey were sons of George Storey, farmer, of Island Lodge, about three miles south-east of Antrim. John was a printer in the office of the *Northern Star*, Belfast, the organ of the United Irishmen, and consequently noted for its advocacy of extreme views. Thomas, who was the more prominent, also filled an important position in connection with the same newspaper. Both were United Irishmen, and both were taken prisoners during the rising. Thomas was detained in jail in Belfast, awaiting his trial—probably John was there also—during which time the friends of those incarcerated were permitted to take food and occasional luxuries for their use. It is related that on one occasion a roast goose was taken in by a third and much younger brother, James, and received by Thomas in the presence of the jailer. Being anxious to convey a hint to his brother that there was something of unusual interest about the goose—there was a written communication inside of it—James exclaimed in a frank, jocular tone, “A goose, a goose!” Whether the exclamation conveyed the meaning intended or not, is not now known, but it is presumed that it did, since some little time afterwards a barrel was rolled from the jail premises through the streets and was subsequently shipped away, the contents of which are

believed to have been none other than Thomas Storey himself ! He subsequently escaped to America, where he remained about sixteen years, when he ventured, though as yet unpardoned, to return home ; but, fearing to be seen, he remained secreted at Drumsough, about three miles north of Antrim, where his father had resided prior to his removal to Island Lodge. Through the good offices of Lord Massereene, a pardon was obtained from Sir Robert Peel, Chief Secretary, and Thomas Storey spent the remainder of his days in business among his friends in Belfast and Antrim.

John Storey was not so fortunate as his brother Thomas. He was a leader at the Battle of Antrim. When taking his men into the town along Patey's Lane (now Railway Street), some time after the contest had commenced, the roar of cannon and the shouts of men in the main thoroughfare, it is related, carried fear and trembling to their hearts, and, notwithstanding his entreaties and remonstrances, they came very slowly to the battle. John Storey escaped death in Antrim, only to meet with a sadder fate at the hands of the authorities. After remaining in hiding for some time in a "cove," he was at length apprehended in a quarry at New Park, not far from Island Bawn, tried in Belfast on the 3 July by court-martial, condemned, and immediately afterwards executed at the Market House there, his head being severed from his body and set up on that building, along with those of Dickey of Crumlin, Byres, and afterwards that of Henry Joy M'Cracken.

In the eastern portion of the old burying-ground at Muckamore there is a rather striking monument, containing an inscription which states that it marks the burying-place of the Storeys of Island Lodge. This intimation is followed by a list of names and dates. It was erected according to the directions given by James Storey, the last surviving member of the family, who died in 1852, at the age of sixty-six years. The mother died three years after the Battle of Antrim. It may have been that the execution of one son and the virtual banishment of another had proved a trial too heavy for her to bear. The father died in 1818, after which statement occurs the name of John, "who died for his country, 1798." This is followed by the name of Thomas, remembered by several still living, who died in 1827. This again is followed by that of a sister, who died in 1832; while the last is that of James, the boy who took the goose into the jail, and who, as previously stated, died in 1852.

Whether John's decapitated body was buried at Muckamore is not mentioned, but there is nothing to lead one to infer that it was not. (Authority for facts concerning Thomas Storey—Miss Ellen M'Nally, of Antrim, a connection of the Storey family.)

The value of a "Croppy."

Incidents tending to show the utter absence of all regard for the sanctity of human life were manifold during the

insurrectionary period. This feature characterised both parties to the struggle. It would appear that on the Government side a certain pecuniary value was attached to the life of an Insurgent, and a price paid for its destruction. This price Yeomen, too frequently, were anxious to obtain. The hope of payment doubtless often spurred them on, and led them to commit excesses they would not otherwise have committed. This regulation is stated to have prevailed in the districts of which Antrim and Randalstown were the centres, if not elsewhere; and in confirmation of it, John Rainey, now ninety-three years of age, of Umery, near Antrim, says he heard, when a boy, that for every dead Insurgent carried by a Yeoman into the presence of his commanding officer, his slayer was rewarded with the sum of fifteen shillings; and that on one occasion a Yeoman had shot an Insurgent, and was hauling his body into the presence of his superior officer, when a friend, wishing no doubt to share the price to be paid for it, asked to be allowed to assist him, to which the gallant Yeoman replied, "No; go and shoot a 'croppy' for yourself!"

Disappointed Visitors.

For a considerable time after the Insurrection, so unsettled was the state of the district that many families were allowed military protection, such protection consisting of an addition to the household in the shape of a soldier, who was billeted there. Robin Millar, a farmer residing in the townland of Niblock,

about a mile and a-half from Antrim, had one residing with him. Notwithstanding this fact, his house was one night visited by a band of men with blackened faces, whose object was that of plunder. All the family, with the exception of Robin and his military protector, had retired for the night. When the visitors appeared, Robin called upon the soldier to do his duty, but that person proved faint-hearted, and in place of giving the attacking party a warm reception, hid himself in a recess by the fire-place—the hearths of that day allowing of this. Robin again called upon the man to come out and do his duty, but he proved deaf to Millar's entreaties. Robin therefore felt he must depend upon himself, and at once fired, when one of the delinquents fell, while the others made their escape. The man, though not killed, proved to be fatally wounded. He was carried into the house and found to be a neighbour named Hollis. Feeling he had not long to live, he revealed the names of his accomplices, who were also residents of the locality. Hollis died during the night. His companions were afterwards proceeded against, and it is conjectured that they were executed. Robin Millar was much esteemed for his courageous conduct on this occasion. (Authority—Mrs. Graham Shannon.)

How he got his 30 Guineas again.

About two years after the "Turnout," a person whose home had been invaded, and much of his property destroyed by the Yeomanry, received information as to where some of his

furniture was to be seen. He accordingly induced a neighbour to accompany him, and set off in quest of it to a house some little distance from Antrim. Having arrived, he opened the door and unceremoniously walked into the parlour, where he had the great gratification of beholding a precious set of drawers, of which hitherto he could obtain no trace. Taking a key from his pocket, he at once proceeded to unlock a secret drawer, from which he took thirty guineas, his own property, deposited carefully there before the battle, but of the existence of which the Yeoman who had carried away the article was totally unaware. After he had secured his long missing treasure, he told the proprietor of the house he could keep the drawers and do as he liked with them, and at once retired. (Authority—Mrs. Graham Shannon.)

The Execution of William Orr.

Though Orr's death occurred in the year 1797, that event was connected with the movement which culminated in 1798. William Orr, of Farranshane, near Antrim, was convicted of the administration of illegal oaths on what was afterwards shown to be perjured evidence, and for which he was condemned to death. The execution was postponed from time to time, and when it drew near, according to the testimony of James Kirk, of Whinpark, who received his information from his father, Samuel Kirk, a warm Loyalist friend of the condemned man, Orr was buoyed up by the jail officials with the belief that he would not

really be put to death at the time appointed for his execution, but only partially so. And by some means or other this belief was shared by Orr's relatives. Accordingly, the friends—James Kirk's father being one of them—received the body, immediately after the execution at the jail at Carrickfergus, for the ostensible purpose of burial, and then set out for Orr's late home at Farranshane. When they had proceeded a short distance only, a halt was made, and the body taken into a house, or other convenient place, and bled, which operation was expected to indicate the presence of life and restore circulation. Samuel Kirk not only witnessed the bleeding, but examined Orr's neck, and found it broken, and that resuscitation was therefore impossible. He then stated, as gently and sympathetically as he could, this conviction to the brother of the deceased, who had fondly clung to the hope of restoration, saying, "No, Jamie, he can't be revived: his neck is broken: he is dead;" when the poor fellow sank to the ground as though he had been struck with a weapon. The party then made its way to Farranshane, and the body was subsequently interred in the old burying-ground at Templepatrick.

Miscellaneous Jottings.

Either on the day of the Battle of Antrim, or the day following, many of the shops and public-houses of the town were pillaged. Law and authority being for the time in

abeyance, honour and honesty were left to take care of themselves. When the United Irishmen found they had the upper hand, many of them lost control of themselves and gave way to drink, a fact which doubtless rendered the subsequent blow aimed against them much more fatal than it would otherwise have been. A man named Fisher, a draper, had his shop cleared of its entire stock of goods. Most, if not all of the public-houses were looted. Even the dead were robbed.

Though pikes are very often spoken of in connection with '98, yet only a few people are now aware of the shape and exact purposes of these weapons. The most approved pattern, modelled after a French form, appears, according to Samuel M'Skimin, to have been an instrument divided into three portions, one for striking as with an axe, another for stabbing, and another hook-shaped for pulling men off horses and cutting bridles. A modification of this, and the one I believe largely used at Antrim, was a pike consisting of three dagger-like prongs, placed at right angles to each other, and socketed so as to be capable of having a long handle inserted within it. These weapons placed the Military, when having to depend upon swords or bayonets, at great disadvantage, and were used with fatal effect upon the dragoons when attempting to dislodge the Insurgents who were massed near the church in Antrim. The pike-men closed upon them on both sides, the dragoons being practically helpless and at their mercy. Eighteen were slaughtered there.

A man named H——, living near Randalstown, was asked by the authorities who gave him information as to when he was to take up arms against the Government. Some advantage was offered him if he would give the person's name. H—— was sworn to secrecy, and so he felt he could not divulge the fact. But a bright idea struck him. He could get his house-keeper to give the information, which she did; and the house of the person from whom H—— had received the warning was at once surrounded and burned by the Yeomanry.

At Randalstown, numbers of women and children spent the memorable 7th of June in the church, which they dared not leave; and while in this sanctuary it was found that a child had died in its mother's arms.

On the eventful 7th of June, John Gourley, a thatcher, was at work on the roof of a house in the Scotch Quarter of Antrim, when he was killed by a bullet. Such an incident seems to indicate that some people could not at first have realised the seriousness of the rising, or they would not have been carrying on their ordinary occupations.

James Boyd, of Antrim, heard his grandfather say that Jack Gibb of Kilmakee, near Dunadry, whom he knew well, was a staunch United Irishman, who, after studying carefully the characters of his neighbours, also United Irishmen, solemnly declared it as his conviction that, after the rising had taken place, most of them would turn their coats and become Orangemen. The prophecy was not fulfilled with respect to Jack's

neighbours ; but had it been made with respect to Jack himself it would have been literally verified, for he was made an Orangeman almost immediately afterwards.

There is, in a house at Parkgate, an old table bearing a long, straight, deeply-indented mark. A tradition connected with the table is as follows :—A sergeant having been placed on guard in the house where the table in 1798 was, and being desirous of relieving himself of the weight of his musket, to which a bayonet was attached, rested the point on the table in question, and, to aid in whiling away the time, gently drew the weapon backward and forward, thus leaving “his mark” on the table, if not elsewhere.

Ballymena and District.

Betrayal of Thomas Archer.

Among the more active spirits engaged in the political uprising of 1798 was Thomas Archer, of Ballymena. He was leader of a band which took advantage of the disorganised state of society to intimidate, plunder, and maltreat those who in any way opposed them. His midnight visit to the home of Mrs. William Dickey, who had become aware of his hiding-place, levelling a pistol at her head, and being only prevented from shooting her by one of his own party—Francis Loughridge ; his declaration made to William Macrory, of Clougher, in reply

to a friendly request to make good his escape while it was within his power, to the effect that he would do so when he had shot three marked persons ; his besieging with his men the house of James Love, a well-to-do farmer of Kildowney, with whom he had had a dispute, forcing an entrance, giving the man five minutes to prepare for his fate, then shooting him through the body in the midst of his family, show that Thomas Archer was no ordinary peasant seeking reform even by force of arms, but that, if one at first, he sank into a lawless desperado. His outrages appear to have increased in gravity in proportion to his immunity from the consequences of his misdeeds, until he became a perfect terror to all classes alike. Desperate, however, as the man was, he had one good quality ; he was not without a touch of filial tenderness. His stolen visits at fearful risks to his parents, who dwelt near the military centre in Ballymena, and his surreptitious visits to his young dying friend, Alan Macrory of Clougher, are pleasant features in an otherwise determined, cruel, remorseless character.

Thomas Archer was born in Castle Street, Ballymena, and in due time was apprenticed to the trade of a shoemaker. After serving his allotted term he enlisted in the Antrim Militia, thus getting a training which served his purpose when he became an Insurgent leader. Archer was somewhat short in stature, strongly built, and of dark complexion. There was no real fighting in Ballymena, though there was a reign of terror, and some of the most violent proceedings which

characterised the outbreak occurred there, and Archer, it is understood, took a leading part in them.

The authorities long kept a watchful eye upon the doings of the man, but the difficulty experienced was the getting of reliable information as to where he might be surprised. Everyone knew that the life of even a suspected informant would be in imminent danger, while that of a known one in case of failure of justice was certain to be taken. But eventually the hour came, and the testimony.

One of those in whom Archer placed implicit confidence, and to whom he doubtless spoke freely and confidentially of his doings, was James O'Brien, of the Star Bog, about a mile and a-half from Ballymena, whose house he used to frequent. There he believed he was secure—at least as secure as he could be. But O'Brien, who was a chandler by trade, proved a treacherous friend. Since handsome rewards were given to those who placed leading Insurgents within the power of the authorities, O'Brien was induced to enter into a conspiracy for the betrayal of his friend. With a view to this end, arrangements were made with a shopkeeper residing in Ballymena, to the effect that when he received a half-crown bearing a secret but perfectly understood mark, no matter by what means conveyed, such was to be regarded as indicating that Archer was under O'Brien's roof, that circumstances were favourable to his capture, and that the said shopkeeper should at once forward the half-crown to the Military authorities. Accordingly,

one evening after darkness had set in, a woman, totally ignorant of the plot, presented for the purchase of goods at the shop referred to a half-crown bearing the mark agreed upon, which



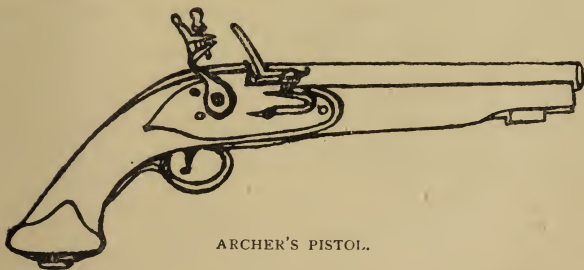
TAKING OF BALLYMENA MARKET-HOUSE.
A PEASANT PLACING A BURNING BARREL AGAINST THE DOOR.

was immediately forwarded to its intended destination. In less than half-an-hour a Military contingent, under the charge of Captain Dickey, was on the move in the direction of the Star

Bog, and to James O'Brien's house there, for the purpose of making Archer their prisoner. The man appears to have been in the habit of sleeping without undressing, with loaded arms by his bedside, so as to be ready for any emergency. On the night in question he was suddenly awakened by the son of O'Brien, who was unacquainted with the plot, exhorting him to fly for his life, as soldiers were approaching the house. At once realising his danger, Archer rose, seized his pistol, and fled, when a bullet followed him from the Military, which struck and wounded, though it did not disable him. Notwithstanding this mishap, Archer succeeded for a time in eluding pursuit, and baffled all efforts at capture. After fruitless searches in different parts of the neighbourhood, the movements of a water-spaniel which accompanied one of the military attracted special attention. It soon became evident that the dog was aware of the presence of something unusual, and which the soldiers were not aware of, being at the time by the side of a deep hole in a bog. The restlessness of the spaniel led to closer investigation, when the dim outline of a suspicious object was observed in the distance, which, on further research, proved to be the head of the hunted outlaw just above the surface of the water, with his hand raised above it grasping his pistol.* On being assured by Captain Dickey that the game

* Samuel Miller, of Laymore, two miles from Ballymena, now possesses this pistol. It is seventeen inches long, with brass-mounted stock. It was, after Archer's arrest, taken possession of by Captain Dickey, from whom it passed to his son John ; and, when the bleaching business was being relinquished at Leighnmohr after his death, it was presented by Mrs. John Dickey to Samuel Miller.

was now up, and that he had better surrender quietly, he was not disposed to accept the advice, but rather to resist his pursuers, and sell his life as dearly as possible. On their approaching him he attempted to fire, when, lo ! his weapon refused to respond to the fall of the trigger ! O'Brien had added insult to treachery by wetting the powder and putting a nail in the touch-hole of his victim's weapon ; consequently Archer found himself completely at the mercy of his captors. He surrendered only when he could not help himself. The man was at once conveyed to Ballymena, bitterly regretting that he was then in the power of a man whose life he could have taken on three separate occasions.



ARCHER'S PISTOL.

Archer was subsequently tried by court-martial, found guilty of seditious practices, and condemned to be hanged. The sentence was carried out with some attendant circumstances calculated to excite terror in the popular mind. It was at first decided that he should suffer on the Moat, but, in deference to Archer's own wishes, a tree standing near was

decided upon, and he was conveyed there on a car. When all arrangements for the final scene were completed, he attempted to address the multitude who had gathered to witness his last moments. He said—"If all had kept their secrets in their breasts as I have done"—when a dozen muskets were levelled at him, and cries of "Silence," "Drive on the car," arose from those assembled to see the dread sentence fulfilled. He met his fate with an unsubdued spirit. His body, after hanging a sufficient length of time, was taken to a building in the Castle demesne, where it was disembowelled, and then hung in chains on the Moat.

When time had bleached the bones, and when the country had become quiet and a better spirit prevailed, it was felt that the spectacle might with propriety be removed; and so a number of young men took upon themselves the responsibility of procuring a coffin, in which they placed the remains, and surreptitiously buried them in the parish churchyard.

Burnt over their Heads.

No one in the North of Ireland during the troubles of 1798 appears to have been perfectly secure as to property and life. If people were disaffected towards the Government, they were liable to suffer at the hands of the authorities; if they were devoted Loyalists, they were liable to assaults by the United Irishmen; while, if they were neutral, they were suspected by both parties, and liable to suffer accordingly. This

at all events was the experience of a farmer named Andrew Campbell, who resided at Killygore, about six miles north of Ballymena.

Some considerable time before the "Turnout," a large number of persons on one occasion assembled in a field belonging to Campbell, for the purpose of engaging in one of the popular sports of the period—that of cock-fighting. This assemblage was afterwards heard of by the authorities—conveyed to them, it is believed, by no friendly means—who concluded that, under the guise of engaging in this pastime, there had been a meeting of United Irishmen virtually under the protection of Andrew Campbell. Accordingly, the next day, the Yeomanry were despatched to punish the offender and his family. The house was suddenly surrounded, and actually set on fire over the heads of the people within. Furniture, provisions, clothing, farm produce—everything would have been consumed by the flames had not a Yeoman, more discreet and with fuller knowledge than the rest, arrived on the spot shortly after the house was fired. He declared that the transaction was all a mistake; that Andrew Campbell was no United Irishman, and ought not to have been injured; and then rushed into the burning byre, and liberated a number of cattle confined there.

Though this was punishment of the perfectly innocent, no recompense was ever made. (Authority—W. W. M'Fetridge, Antrim, great-grandson of Andrew Campbell.)

An Intrepid "Captain."

Jack Fullarton of M'Trusterstown, Limnaharry, about two miles from Ballymena, was a captain in the Volunteers; he held a similar post also among the United Irishmen. He was a man of splendid physique, being thirty-six inches from shoulder to shoulder.

On the 7th of June he and his band set out for Ballymena, and when passing the house of his cousin, Jack Taylor (grandfather of informant), he found him leaning over the lower half of his door watching the men pass by. Fullarton called out to him, saying—"Jack, are you not going out?" To which Taylor replied—"No, not to-day, as I have nobody to leave behind me." Fullarton said—"Deed, you will;" and, catching Jack by the collar, lifted him over the door, set him down on the road, put a pike in his hand, and ordered him to march with the rest.

In Ballymena they joined the men of the Braid, and assisted in taking the Market House, wherein Robert Davison, James Raphael, John Logan, Bryan O'Rawe, and Patrick M'Aleese, the two latter being Roman Catholics, had taken refuge from the assault of the United Irishmen, and from which intermittent firing had long been maintained. In this affray one of Fullarton's men was shot.

After the Insurrection, Fullarton gave a "Defenders' Dance" in his house at Limnaharry, to which all his neighbours were invited. Sentinels were posted at all important

points to prevent a surprise by the Military, such a gathering being then illegal. At the last moment a man named Andrew Swann, a weaver, was invited, and his reply was that when he had finished the job he had in hand he would join the party. Instead of doing this, however, he rushed off to Ballymena, partially dressed as he was, and informed the Military of the gathering. There was an immediate response on the part of the authorities, but the guests, having received warning, had time to make their escape. Not so, however, Fullarton, who was taken prisoner, the soldiers having surrounded the house for the purpose. Jack took the matter very coolly, requested time to change his attire, and asked his mother in the meantime to give the soldiers some whiskey to drink. This conduct on the part of Fullarton appears to have put the men off their guard, as they grounded their arms and sat down to wait. But Jack had a purpose in view. Watching his opportunity, he dashed past the soldiers and out of the house, and sought refuge in a neighbouring bog, where he completely foiled his pursuers; though fired at, he escaped. Some time afterwards, feeling sure that he must eventually be taken, he returned to his home, put on his official uniform of green sash and cockade, armed himself, then mounted a blood horse of his own, and galloped into Ballymena, never stopping until he reached the Military station there. "Who are you?" asked the officer in command. "I am Captain Fullarton," replied the daring fellow. "Captain of what?" inquired the officer. "Captain of

the United Irishmen," said Fullarton. "Then, by God," said the officer, "you are the boldest man I ever saw. What do you want?" "I want," said Jack, "a pass for myself and every man on Slieve Mis" (Sleemish); whither M'Cracken and the remnant of his followers had fled. The officer replied that he would give Fullarton a pass for any or all connected with him, but not for Henry Joy M'Cracken.

A pass was received which enabled Fullarton, John Murray, and others to make their way unmolested to Derry, where they had determined to embark for the United States. Before going on board his vessel, Fullarton enlisted and received a bounty of £20, which he had the audacity to carry away with him.

In the country of their adoption John Murray rose to a judgeship, and Fullarton attained a good position.

It may be added that local vengeance fell upon Andrew Swann, the weaver who informed the Military of the "Defenders' Dance" at Fullarton's. He was eventually seized by his neighbours and hung on a sallagh tree, and at the same time whipped till he was dead. (Authority—Robert Johnston, per F. J. B.)

William Macrory and the Picket.

William Macrory of Clougher, near Ballymena (grandfather of the present William Macrory of the same place, my informant through W. W. M'Fetridge), had one night a somewhat start-

ling experience. During the unsettled portion of '98, the district around Ballymena was mapped out and placed in charge of Military patrols, with sentries stationed at all important points. William Macrory, on the occasion in question, had been to the old burying-ground of Skerry attending the funeral of a friend, and on his way home stayed with a few companions in Broughshane until the hour had expired when all peaceably-disposed people were supposed to be in their houses, and those found abroad were liable to arrest. The night was very dark and wet, and so he hoped, as a consequence, that he would escape the observation of any of the authorities who might be on duty. Macrory left Broughshane in the darkness, and, after journeying some time, unexpectedly encountered Sergeant Melville and eight or nine men of the Tay Fencibles. Macrory and Melville were well acquainted with each other ; so when the former was challenged in the darkness as to his name, business, and destination, he replied—"Is that you, Sergeant Melville?" "It is," replied the latter ; "is that you, Billy?" The night being intensely dark, with a continuous downpour of rain, Macrory invited Melville and his men to his house, at the same time suggesting as an inducement for his complying therewith that the night was too miserable even for marauders to be prowling about.

Melville, after arranging for the maintenance of sentry duty, accepted the invitation, and he and the rest of his men accompanied William.

Having arrived at the house, the horses were placed under shelter, and the sergeant and his men wended their way to the kitchen, where there was a good, welcome fire.

When all were comfortably seated, Macrory volunteered to go out and give the horses a supply of hay, as he knew the intricacies of the place better than any of the men. On going to the barn where the hay was stored, and stooping down to take up an armful, he was somewhat startled at clutching the legs of a man. Whether he made any exclamation is not now known. On going for another lot of hay, he was again startled at grasping a second pair of legs, and further research revealed the presence of a third pair! What was to be done? On questioning the men, he learned that they were "wanted" by the Government, and that their names were Tom Davis and James Hunter, from near Glenarm, and one M'Givern, believed to have been from Tyrone. Macrory, feeling sorry for the men, informed them of his position, of the close proximity of Sergeant Melville and a number of his men, and urged them to flee at once. But they pleaded hunger—having tasted nothing since early morning—extreme fatigue, and the discomfort arising from wet clothing. Macrory's heart was moved to pity. He said he would see what he could do for them, and at once set his wits to work to devise means for aiding the fellows in their distress. In the meantime they were to remain quietly where they were. His first endeavour was to get a servant-man out of the way, and the next to make the sergeant

and his men so comfortable that they would have no desire to leave their seats by the fire for some time. So, going into the house, he gave the servant-man a shilling, and asked him to go to a shebeen about a quarter of a mile away and get a quart of whiskey. The sergeant and his men, knowing that affairs were being arranged for their entertainment, remained seated by the fire, while the host intimated that his own horse must need attention, and therefore he would give it "a white drink." For this purpose he procured a bucket, went to the pantry, where he partially filled the utensil with bread, which he carefully covered with "milled seeds," then went to the fire around which the men were seated, poured boiling water out of the kettle over the grain to moisten it, and then to the pump, only, however, to pump without adding more water, and from thence hurried to the barn, where he distributed the smuggled bread among the half-famished men.

The whiskey was then brought by the servant-man, and the sergeant and his attendants received a liberal supply, and so became less and less disposed to move about. A little may have been secretly conveyed to the three outlaws, though of that we are not informed. But whether they got any or not, the men soon found their strength returning, and, in accordance with Macrory's entreaties, they left their hiding-place in the barn, and made good their escape from the district, and eventually from the country, Hunter making his way to Norway in a small boat.

The Fate of James Giffen.

One of the forms of punishment inflicted upon United Irishmen was that of flogging. An old man named Esler, for some offence not specified, was sentenced to undergo this punishment at Clough, near Ballymena, when James Giffen of Cullybackey, a young man of about twenty years of age, along with others, assembled to witness the order being carried out. This was to be done by soldiers who were to give Esler fifty lashes. When the man had received thirty, he fainted. This incident touched young Giffen, who, being of an impulsive disposition, at once threw off his coat and begged to be allowed to receive the remaining twenty lashes instead of the old man. This is said to have been James Giffen's only offence. It was asserted that such conduct pointed to his leadership among the Insurrectionists, of whom it was necessary to make an example ! He was therefore at once arrested, conveyed to Ballymena, tried by court-martial, and actually sentenced to be hanged !

To render the sentence as harrowing as possible, he was made to follow his own coffin to Cullybackey, a distance of about four miles, where, on the branch of a tree that stood near the Reformed Presbyterian Meeting-house, and not far from his own home, he was executed, his sweetheart, his mother, and other relatives being close at hand at the time. (Authority Thomas Given, of Markstown.)

Assassination of a Clergyman near Ballymena.

About the time of the "Turnout," a barbarous act was perpetrated in the neighbourhood of Ballymena on a Protestant clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Cringle, a man who was highly respected by both Protestants and Catholics. Being met on the road one day during the turbulence by a number of Insurgents, he was, without provocation on his part, furiously attacked, and finally killed by them. During the tumult, Big John O'Hara, a well-known man, and one of the band, being greatly distressed at the treatment Mr. Cringle was receiving, and fearing what might be intended by those who had assaulted him, when he saw the gentleman knocked down, and the imminent danger he was in, threw himself over him to protect him from further injury; but his courageous conduct was of no avail. Mr. Cringle was done to death, to the great grief of the public generally, by whom he was highly esteemed. It is not known whether his assassins were ever punished or not. (Authority—Miss Ellen M'Nally of Antrim.)

Ballymoney and District.**Hangings and Floggings.**

Among those who suffered the punishment of death were Robert Macafee of Currysisikan, Frank M'Kinlay of Connagher (his house was also burned), and William Kerr. These underwent the dread sentence in Coleraine.

Two men named Bonniton (? Ballantyne) and Adams were hanged at Dungorbery Hill, Kilraughts ; while two young men named John Gunning and John Callwell, who had conducted a large body of Ballymoney men to Ballymena, were sentenced to death. Callwell had a friend in the service of the Lord Lieutenant who was induced to intercede with His Excellency on behalf of the young man. The effort was successful, and, as the charge was the same in both cases, the authorities did not see their way to carrying out the sentence on Gunning when it had been decreed that Callwell should escape. The lives of both were therefore spared.

In 1799 Samuel Dunlop was hanged for robbery of arms at Pleasure Step, near Ballymoney, on a tree belonging to one Samuel Ralston, a farmer, whose wife was a sister of Henry Munro who was executed at Lisburn.

Robert Wylie of Artigoran and a man named Lilly of Drumaheaglis were flogged in Coleraine for stopping the mail carrier between Coleraine and Ballymoney. Two brothers named Chambers, one of whom was called James, residing at Kilmoyle, near Kilraughts, were sentenced to be flogged for proceedings (it is not known what) in connection with the insurrectionary movement. When James was called on to undergo his punishment, he pleaded that, in addition to his own sentence, he should be allowed to suffer that of his brother also, as he believed he could bear it much better than his brother could. The commanding officer complied with the

request ; but when the two sentences had been executed on James, the second brother had to submit to his flogging also. A "black" man administered the punishment. (Authorities—Messrs. Samuel and W. J. Gamble of Ballymoney.)

The Fate of Alexander Gamble.

Alexander Gamble was thirty-five years of age, a soap-boiler by trade, and resided in Church Street, Ballymoney. He had been to Ballymena on the occasion of the rising there, and when returning home was arrested. After being imprisoned for about a fortnight, he was condemned to death by court-martial, but was subsequently informed that his case would be favourably considered—probably his sentence commuted—if he would consent to give evidence against several other residents in the town and locality, some of whom occupied good social positions. The offer was a tempting one, but Gamble rose above it. He said he had a wife and seven children. He would have to die some day, and he knew not how soon ; but it should never be cast in the face of his children that their father betrayed others to save himself ; and so he met his fate on a gallows erected close to the old Town Hall, and within sight of his home. He was then buried near the spot where he suffered. This was on June 25, 1798.

In September, 1883, during the making of excavations in connection with the new water-supply of the town, the workmen came upon a coffin in a fair state of preservation, containing

the remains of the executed United Irishman. The event excited great interest in the town, and crowds gathered to witness the discovery. In a few hours a new coffin was procured by three grandsons of the deceased, then and still resident in the place, and the remains were conveyed to the old burying-ground, where they were re-interred in the presence of a large concourse of people. There was another execution on the spot where Alexander Gamble was executed about the same time, the man's name being Caulfield. (Authorities—Messrs. Samuel and W. J. Gamble, grandsons of Alexander Gamble.)

"Sold."

Peter Lyle and John Nevin were young men who resided near Dervock. Both were captains in the ranks of the United Irishmen, and used to secretly meet others in their locality for drilling purposes. Both also were present at the disturbances in Ballymena. After that affair was over they made their escape to Buckna, where, according to previous understanding, they took refuge in the house of a distant friend of Lyle's, named Moore.

The two men, wearied and very anxious, retired for the night. When some hours had elapsed, Nevin was awakened by a terrifying dream to the effect that the Yeomanry were about to pounce upon them and take them prisoners. Finding his alarm arose only from a dream, he some time afterwards fell asleep again, when he again awoke in a terrified condition,

having a second time dreamed that they were about being taken prisoners by the Yeomen. Nevin then awoke his companion Lyle, and told him what had happened, at the same time declaring that they were sold. So anxious did the poor fellows now become that they could not rest in bed, but got up and went to awake their host, and tell him of the great terror they were in, when, to their consternation, they learned from his wife that he was not at home. On trying the doors of the house, they found them securely fastened, and no means of opening them. Their alarm was now greatly increased, and suspicions entered their minds as to the intentions of their "friend," for they knew a good price would be given to anyone informing the authorities of their whereabouts. They therefore secured as much of their clothing as they could, and without waiting to dress, made their escape through the window of their bedroom, when they heard the approach of Yeomanry from the direction of Ballymena. They were fortunate enough to be able to take refuge unseen in a cornfield, where they lay until immediate danger was past—probably the next night—when they effected their escape, and eventually found their way to America.

Very soon after this episode, the military authorities, having ascertained that Peter Lyle's home was at Orble, near Dervock, sent a body of Yeomen to the house of James Lyle, farmer, father of Peter Lyle, to ascertain where his sons were (there being another beside Peter named William, also a

United Irishman, who also escaped to America), and threatened that, if they were not informed, they would burn down his house. The father could not, even if he had been disposed, say where they were, for at that time he did not know what had become of his sons. Getting no satisfactory reply, the Yeomen at once proceeded to burn the house as they had threatened, the captain saying—"This is a damned full house, but I'll soon make it an empty one," and, in doing so, destroyed not only furniture and the ordinary provisions of a household, but also five tons of oatmeal, feeding the flames by means of straw thrust through the windows. Articles of special interest that members of the family tried to save as the destruction proceeded, among which was a violin, were seized, and either thrown into the fire or taken possession of by the Yeomanry. So complete was the destruction, that when the twelve cows were brought home in the evening to be milked, there was no vessel that could be used for the purpose. A mare was removed from the stable and taken away by the Yeomen, which Lyle, some weeks afterwards, accidentally met with in Ballycastle, in "greatly reduced circumstances." The poor animal at once recognised her owner's voice, and he was allowed to take it home with him.

A son of Peter Lyle, and a son also of his brother William, who escaped to America, became generals in the United States army.

I am indebted for the foregoing facts to Mrs. Thomas

Bryson of Antrim, who is a great-granddaughter of James Lyle.

And now a few words may be said respecting John Nevin, who, as already stated, was also a leader among the United Irishmen.

The facts I am about to record have been gleaned from Dr. James Lyle Nevin of Ballymoney, a grand-nephew of Captain John Nevin. The family tradition respecting Nevin is that he was a most intelligent man, and a man of great natural ability. He was a native of Kilmoyle, a few miles from Ballymoney.

After escaping from the house in which he and Peter Lyle had sought refuge, the tradition of the Nevin family is—and what applies to John Nevin is doubtless applicable to Peter Lyle also—that for some time Nevin was secreted near Cloughmills. From that place he found his way to Loughconnally, near Skerry; then, in succession, to Loughguile, Dervock, and Kilmoyle (his home). After leaving home, it is believed that he was conveyed through Coleraine, where the authorities were very busy hunting down fugitives, in a barrel. He afterwards sought refuge in the mountains beyond the Bann, and finally sailed for America from Magilligan, in County Derry. Though the Government failed to apprehend him, it was, a short time since, ascertained by the late Rev. Hugh M'Neill, rector of Derrykeighan, from Government records in Dublin, that the authorities there were frequently apprised of

Nevin's movements. It may have been that they were content to allow the man to banish himself from the country.

After safely reaching the shores of America, it was Nevin's custom to write long and sympathetic letters to those at home. It was the writer's good fortune to see very recently one of these, now in the possession of Dr. Nevin, previously mentioned.

John Nevin, from some cause or other, did not carry out his intention of paying a visit to his native place, as stated in the said letter, and in a little over two years from the date of it he died at Knoxville, Tennessee. So touched were his relatives and friends in Ireland by the sad event, that they had a number of jugs made, Dr. Nevin still treasuring a set as heirlooms, bearing ingenious, pictorial, and emblematic devices, together with an inscription, of which the following is a copy :—
“To the memory of John Nevin of Kilmoyle, who was by the Foes of Reform Banished from his Native Home in June, 1798. He lived in the state of Exile seven years, eleven months, eight days, and departed this Life in Knoxville, Tennessee, 19th of May, 1806, Much lamented by all his Friends, Acquaintances, and Friends to their Country.”

The jugs are of three sizes—one capable of holding a gallon, another half-a-gallon, and the least a quart. In addition to the inscription just given, the large jug bears the words in bold lettering—“Peace and Independence.” The smaller ones contain the words—“In God is Our Trust.” It would appear that sets of these jugs were presented to friends and acquaint-

ances as memorials of a man who, judging by the above-named letter alone, must have been possessed of many good qualities of both head and heart.

To return to the incident in Buckna. It was subsequently learned that the man Moore, under whose roof Lyle and Nevin had been induced to take shelter, after seeing the fugitives securely housed for the night, set out, as had been suspected, to inform the authorities in Ballymena, in the hope that he would obtain the price of their betrayal—probably £50 each. Moore, however, had his journey for nothing, and that of the Yeomanry was also fruitless. He had not, however, yet done with the affair. Sometime afterwards he was waited upon during the night by a band of “hazel-whippers” with blackened faces, who took him from his bed, as stated by Mrs. Sarah Ann Brown, formerly of Dervock, now of Coleraine, and gave him a lash for every mile he rode to inform upon Lyle and Nevin, which, to and fro, would be about twelve. And so strong did the feeling against the man become, that he had eventually to emigrate to America.

General.

Wives of Yeomen as Prisoners.

A rather sensational incident in connection with the “Turnout” occurred at Glenarm. Andrew M’Killop of Antrim, who is a native of the Glenarm district, states that in 1798 both his grandfathers were Yeomen there, and that the Castle was

used as their head-quarters, while the camp of the Insurgents was on the top of Bellair Hill, lying north of the Castle. The aim of the United Irishmen was to storm the Castle, and thus put to rout the Yeomanry. For the better carrying out of this purpose, they determined to resort to an alarming stratagem. The Yeomen being well known, it was determined to make their wives prisoners, Andrew M'Killop's two grandmothers being among the number. Through the intercession of a friendly Insurgent his maternal grandmother was liberated, and allowed to return to her home ; but his paternal grandmother, with her child twelve months old, afterwards Andrew's father, was detained along with the rest of the women all night on the top of Bellair Hill. The Castle was to be attacked on the following day, the 8th of June, and the women were to be utilised in the affray. They were to be placed in front of the attacking force, so that in case the Yeomen resisted they would have to shoot their own wives before they injured the United Irishmen. On the morning of the day, however, that the attack was to be made, a messenger rode into the Insurgent camp bearing news of the defeat and dispersion of the United Irishmen at Antrim on the day previous ; which so dispirited the Glenarm Insurgents, that they at once broke up their camp and went to their homes, leaving the device unfulfilled.

Andrew M'Killop heard his paternal grandmother, who, as has been stated, was one of the prisoners on the hill, say that in the presence of the United Irishmen she denounced them

as "rebel ruffians," and declared that she and the other women would willingly have stood to be fired upon, if only for the sake of feeling that such villains would afterwards meet the doom they so richly deserved.

Recruiting Yeomen.

Alexander M'Cammon of Ballycarry was a young man in '98, and resided with his mother on a farm there. Great pressure was used to induce persons to join the Yeomen, and this was brought to bear upon young M'Cammon. He was, however, determined not to yield. So unpleasant became his position, that he had secretly to leave home, and, not wishing to go far away, he took refuge in a cave in the Fort Hill plantation, which was at times resorted to by smugglers. There Alexander M'Cammon passed many dreary days and still more dreary nights, food being conveyed to him as opportunity permitted. In addition to being in the midst of trees, the cave was in great measure hidden by brushwood, and was only known to a few. In consequence of her son's disappearance, Mrs. M'Cammon was several times threatened with eviction by the landlord, Mr. Ker; but, fortunately, the threat was never put into execution. When the crisis was past, Alexander M'Cammon returned to his home again. (Authority—The late Alexander Hay, of Antrim, grandson of Alexander M'Cammon.)

Insecurity of Life.

A man named M'Iloy one day rode into Ballycastle on what is believed to have been private business. From some

cause or other his visit excited the suspicion of the Military stationed there, who made him their prisoner. M'Iloy was at once put upon his trial, and condemned to be shot! The spot selected for the execution was near the Church, and the time, when the clock struck a certain hour. Strange to say, the clock did not strike at the hour appointed for carrying out the sentence, and was never known, it is asserted, to strike afterwards. The man, however, was executed. It was believed throughout the district that M'Iloy was perfectly innocent of any crime entailing the punishment of death. (Authority—Mrs. Sarah Ann Brown, Coleraine, formerly of Dervock.)

NOTE.—From the illustration representing the attack on the Insurgents at Antrim Churchyard, it will be inferred that the wall adjoining the street was in 1798 lower than it is now, and a statement on an early page respecting the Castle garden wall is of similar import. Since the first portion of this article was reprinted, I have met with a statement in Musgrave's account of the battle, that appeared in 1802, which shows that the churchyard wall was about 8 ft. high and the Castle garden wall 15 ft., so that the heights of these walls must have been in 1798 about what they are now. The illustration and the statement were based upon local authority, which was doubtless erroneous.—W. S. S.





